

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Hall, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Sunday School prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 p. m. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7:45 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Smith, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Young People's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:45 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:45 p. m. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—First Mount Street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardella, Pastor. First mass service 10:30 a. m. High mass, 10:30 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 p. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATSONS M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. K. E. Egbert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 8 p. m. Children's class for religious instruction Saturday at 3 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—(Watsonessing.) Rev. James P. Fancourt, Rector. Service, Sunday 10:45 a. m., 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. Seats free. All are invited.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, at 7:45.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH.—(Bloomfield Ave.)—Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m., Rev. Mr. Furr. Sabbath school 3 p. m., E. A. Smith, Sup't. Preaching 7:30 p. m., Rev. J. H. Cooley.

UNION GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING.—Every Sunday afternoon at Dodd's Hall, at 4 o'clock. All are invited.

A Day at Mount McGregor.

(Deferred Correspondence of THE CITIZEN.)

SARATOGA, JULY 31ST, 1885.

As the week draws toward its close, and the time is shortened before the removal of General Grant's remains from the now famous mountain where he was destined to end his days, public interest in Mount McGregor deepens and every day the trains which go up from Saratoga are thronged with both sorrowing and curious visitors. Yesterday was indeed a tragic day upon the mountain, apart from the occasion which centers interest there, and it was yesterday that we selected for our own visit. All the morning had been sultry and disagreeable, and in the afternoon ominous clouds were gathering in the southwestern skies which threatened one of Saratoga's proverbial showers. But waiting for cool, delightful weather has become a delusion in these days, and who would improve the flying moments, must go and come, regardless of either sun or shadows.

The ride up the mountain toward which the eyes of all America are now turned, is a charming one, owing to the beautiful glimpses of scenery which are constantly presented upon either side, as you are whirled along in the train, and when you reach the top at last, and walk a little distance to the Eastern Lookout, a spot which the departed hero loved to contemplate, a magnificent panorama of nature lies spread out before you. Broad plains and fertile meadows, fields of golden grain and wide expanses red with blooming clover, or white with myriads of daisies nodding to each other in the summer breeze, and patches here and there of brilliant emerald greens, or somber browns, and, beyond all, the dim blue outlines of the far-away mountains stretch along the horizon, and melt into the paler azure of the sky. Arrived at the top of the mountain, you walk a few steps up the slope from the depot, and come directly to the Drexel cottage, in which General Grant ended his days and where he now lies, wrapped in that eternal sleep which knows no awakening. It must be said that the outer surroundings of the cottage are gloomy enough. The cottage is painted a somber brown, and it is nearly surrounded by a forest of dark, solemn pines which seem ever keeping their vigils over the illustrious dead. For the first time since the General's death, the door stood open for visitors, and, passing between files of soldiers guarding the way, we passed into the little parlor where the General died, and in a moment stood beside his bier. If, in his life, General Grant was among the plainest, and most unpretending of men, in death, no scion of royal birth, or hero of historic fame was ever more majestic, as he lay there in his superb coffin, covered with royal purple velvet, every inch a hero, "like a warrior taking his rest." His rigid, square-set features seemed more massive in death than in life, as though death had recut them in heroic mould.

There was no death-pallor upon that still face, no worn, drawn look of the features, such as might have been expected in one who had suffered so long

and so severely. Serene and peaceful, the brave old veteran seemed to have "wrapped the mantle of his couch about him, and laid down to pleasant dreams." No one could look steadily down upon that still figure and face without realizing that here, indeed, a great soul had passed from earth. The broad, open brow, furrowed with lines of care, the finely cut features, expressing at once the firmness and sternness of the indomitable soldier, with the gentleness of the child, the square-set shoulders which never turned their back upon the foe—all these were characteristic of the man, and seemed to have put on a new beauty and a new majesty under the final seal of death! It was not Grant the sufferer, the maligned, who lay sleeping there, but Grant the ever-conquering hero, to go down to posterity upon the page of history as perhaps the greatest man of his age, certainly the most invincible. It scarcely needed the throng of memories which came rushing around that stately bier to tell that here a king among men was stricken low. The face of Grant was a typical American face, typical of republican simplicity, in all its plainness, and yet in all its grandeur.

Over the foot of the coffin lay the stars and stripes he loved and served so well, and back of it was a massive pillow of white immortelles with lettering in purple flowers, a tribute of affection from Meade Post, G. A. R. Above the coffin was draped a large square canopy of black, and from its midst an electric light shed its rays upon the purple coffin and upon the still face beneath. Upon one of the General's fingers was placed the plain gold ring given him many years ago by his faithful and devoted wife. Upon either side of the bier stood the uniformed guard, ever watchful for the undisturbed security of the dead—and with deep marks of sadness upon their faces. A perfect quiet reigned within, and without the cottage a hurried glance around the little parlor revealed a brick chimney-place, painted dark red, and a mantle adorned with a few handsome vases and other bric-a-brac. There were rugs upon the floor and a few easy chairs. Two doors open upon the piazza, through which the visitors passed slowly. Upon the piazza stood the General's chairs, used in this illness, one a swinging chair, the other with wheels, with a black leather top, and looking not unlike a miniature old-fashioned buggy. In this chair the General had been wheeled to the Eastern Lookout to enjoy the superb view. A little after five o'clock the cottage doors were closed to visitors and the family left again to what must be to them most welcome quiet.

We turned up the slope leading from the cottage to the Hotel Balmoral—upon one of the piazzas, of which a large number of soldiers who had just arrived from Governor's Island were taking their supper. After supper the shrill, sweet tones of the bugle summoned the soldiers to camp, there to mount guard in front of the cottage. But just then the black clouds which had long been hovering in the sky, burst in a perfect fury of rain upon the mountain. The soldiers, who had been drawn up in line, were soon dismissed, and breaking ranks fled to their tents for shelter. Only the sentinels who kept guard around the cottage still kept up their measured tread, apparently regardless of the pelting storm. But suddenly, out of the ever blackening sky came a thunder-clap which brought everybody on the hotel piazza to their feet, and created a momentary panic among the guests. A ball of fire escaped from an electric light in the dining room and exploded against the wall, and down in the woods near the depot, several persons were thrown to the ground, including General Jackson and Col. Beck, who was severely injured, and who was brought up to the hotel by the soldiers. Fortunately medical aid was near, and Dr. Douglass was hastily summoned. Down in the Grant cottage, the electric light which illumined the death chamber was suddenly extinguished, and the soldiers on guard, stunned for a moment by the lightning stroke, was left in darkness and alone with the illustrious dead. Truly, it was an awful and a tragic scene! The excitement subsided after a little time, and the last rays of the setting sun gleamed faintly forth from the western horizon, as the rain ceased, and the black clouds slowly dispersed.

Then as the shades of evening fell, we went down the slope again toward the depot to take the returning train to Saratoga. Past the silent cottage now wrapped in twilight gloom, past the grim sentinels keeping their lonely watch over the silent sleeper within, whom neither the bugle's evening call, nor the loud thundering of heaven's artillery, as it went echoing from hill to hill, could awaken to life and to action again; and as the train went rushing down the mountain, we thought of the millions of people all over the land who were longing to do honor to the illustrious dead we were leaving behind us and who would have been glad to have been with us on that day, and taken that last look of the brave old hero, who lay so royally at rest upon his bier, but yet who is not dead, since he shall live forevermore enshrined in the hearts of his loving and grateful countrymen.

SOPHIE SPARKLE.

Correspondence.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, SARATOGA, AUGUST 17TH, 1885.

Saratoga is a gay and brilliant town this morning as though there had been no momentary shadow thrown across its giddy round of summer pleasures. The season here may now be said to be at its height. The hotels are overflowing with guests, and every incoming train brings its crowd of pleasure seekers. Still there is always "room for one more," and Saratoga landlords are never so happy as when they are driven to their wits end to stay away their visitors. Many indignant bachelors find themselves suddenly dispossessed of their cozy quarters as the season advances and obliged to put up with sundry corners under the eaves, to give way to *poter familias* with his brood, as serves them right. Bachelors have about as little right to exist as any individuals we know of, yet it would be hard to say what Saratoga society would do without them. Beaux must be had, and if some of them are rather antiquated, and even decrepit, why, each one helps to complete the train of young beauty's admirers. Somebody says there are not many pretty girls here this summer but of course this is a libel, since all women are pretty, or should be, and youth, especially, is always interesting. Great beauties, like great geniuses, are not to be met with frequently, and what there may be lacking in beauty in Saratoga is made up for in fashion and style.

Among the pretty and popular belles at the States, are Miss Ryan, of Charleston, S. C., a stately and vivacious brunette, whose black eyes have a way of flashing which must be especially dangerous to susceptible young men. Miss Sophie Liebman, of Boston, is a bewitching little coquette, with blue eyes and brown locks, and a train of admirers of all ages, from eighteen to eighty. Boston beauty and Boston wisdom are certainly a great success this year in Saratoga. From the far South we have the charming Mrs. Henry Beer, of New Orleans, who is thought to closely resemble Mme. Patti in her young days, and who, with her husband, has been spending several weeks here, where they have added many to their large circle of admiring friends.

Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, the well known cantatrice, is spending the season here, and with her cousin, Miss Bronson, has given one or two delightful musicals for friends. Since her marriage Mrs. Knox has not sung in public but she still delights society with her golden notes.

General Sherman was, as usual, the centre of attraction when he was here, and created a great flutter among the belles. Colonel Cunningham, ex-Pay Director U. S. N., although now upon the retired list, is as brilliant and delightful as ever in social circles, and has a way of paying the most elegant compliments to the ladies that were ever heard, even here in gay Saratoga, where compliments abound like bluebirds in spring. Captain Eads, the famous engineer, adds another charm to the brilliant circle of Saratoga by his presence here. Captain Eads is a gentleman of wide and varied culture and the wonder is how he ever found time to acquire such a vast amount of elegant learning while ostensibly absorbed in his prodigious engineering schemes.

And then there is the Hon. Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia—just as entertaining, just as handsome, and just as irrepressible as ever! What would Saratoga be without the inimitable Vaux? The Quaker City sends us also the silver-tongued orator, Hon. Daniel Dougherty, who knows more stories to tell than would fill an edition of the Arabian Nights—and whose stories keep one corner of the piazza in an uproar of laughter when Mr. Dougherty happens to be the centre of a circle there.

Miss Jeannie Franks has been winning new laurels here this summer by her exquisite playing upon the violin. She, with her brother, Mr. Nathan Franks, gave a concert at Mount McGregor on Saturday evening last which was highly successful. Mr. C. C. Shayne, the well-known fur manufacturer, of New York, raised a considerable sum recently for the Bartholdi Pedestal fund, making a handsome contribution in Saratoga himself. To-morrow morning a new and gifted pianist, Mr. Leopold Godowsky, will give a concert at the States for the benefit of the Grant Monument fund. Mr. Godowsky is yet a mere boy of sixteen or eighteen, but he is undoubtedly a child of genius, and destined to a brilliant career. Miss Emma Thursby will be here soon, and will give a concert at the States in the latter part of the month. Mr. Stuh, the accomplished leader of the orchestra at the States, had a benefit ball on Saturday evening last, which was a brilliant and highly successful affair. Stuh's ball is always the leading event of the season at the States during the season, and is sure to be well patronized. This popular musician has always been a favorite with the aristocratic world at the States.

From now until the middle of September the giddy whirl of Saratoga pleasures will go on with hardly a pause in which to give warning how time is flying. But who cares for time in gay Saratoga, where every hour is devoted to social pleasure, and where the special aim of every guest is to forget everything that is vexatious or unpleasant, and to make the happiest use of every shining moment that flies?

SOPHIE SPARKLE.

Bill Nye's Advice on Matrimony.

"My DEAR SIR:—Would it be asking too much for me to request a brief reply to one or two questions, which many other married women as well as myself would like to have answered?"

"I have been married now for five years. To-day is the anniversary of my marriage. When I was single I was a teacher and supported myself in comfort. I had more pocket money and dressed fully as well if not better than I do now. Why should girls who are abundantly able to earn their livelihood struggle to become the slave of a husband and children and tie themselves to a man when they might be free and happy?"

"I think too much is said by the men in a light and flippant manner about the anxiety of young ladies to secure a home and a husband, and still they do deserve a part of it, as I feel that I do now for assuming a great burden when I was comparatively independent and comfortable. 'Now, will you suggest any advice that you think would benefit the yet unmarried self-supporting girls who are able to make the same mistake that I did, and thus warm them in a manner that would be so much more universal in its range and reach so many more people than I could if I should raise my voice? Do this, and you will be gratefully remembered by

It would indeed be a tough, tough man who could ignore the gentle plea, Ethel;

ETHEL.

tougher far than the pale, intellectual hired man who addresses you in his private and underhand manner.

You say that you had more pocket money before you were married than you have since, Ethel, and you regret your rash step. I am sorry. You also say that you wore better clothes when you were single than you do now. You are also pained over that. It seems that marriage with you has not paid any cash dividends. So if you married Mr. Ethel as a financial venture, it was a mistake. You do not state how it has affected your husband. Perhaps he had more pocket money and better clothes before he married than he has since. Sometimes two people do well in business by themselves, but when they go into partnership they bust higher than a kite, if you will allow me the full English translation of an expression which you might not fully understand if I should give it to you in the original Roman.

Lots of self-supporting young ladies have married, and have had to go very light on pin-money after that, and still they do not squeal as you do, dear Ethel. They did not marry for revenue only. They married for protection. (This is a little political bon mot which I thought of myself. Some of my best jokes this spring are jokes that I thought of myself.)

No, Ethel, if you married expecting to be a dormant partner during the day and then to go through Mr. Ethel's pockets at night and declare a dividend, of course life is full of bitter, bitter regret and disappointment.

Of course I want to do what is right in the solemn warning business, so I will give notice to all simple young women who are now self-supporting and happy that there is no statute requiring them to assume the burdens of wifehood and motherhood unless they prefer to do so. If they now have abundance of pin-money and new clothes they may remain single without violating the laws of the land. This rule is also good when applied to self-supporting young men who wear good clothes and have funds in their pockets. No young man who is free, happy and independent need invest his money in a family or carry a colicky child twenty-seven miles and two laps in the night unless he prefers it. But those who go into it with the right spirit, Ethel, do not regret it.

I would just as soon tell you, Ethel, if you will promise that it shall go no further, that I do not wear as good clothes as I did before I was married. I don't want to. My good clothes have accomplished what I got them for. I played them for all they were worth, and since I got married the idea of wearing fine clothes as a vocation has not recurred to me.

Please give my kind regards to Mr. Ethel, and tell him that, although I do not know him personally, I cannot help feeling sorry for him.—[Hot Springs News.

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25 Suits, in Silk, Mohair and Embossed Plush, red. from \$85 to \$65
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50 Suits in Rep and Hair Cloth, red. from \$50 to \$35
25 Suits, assorted covers, 7 pcs. red. from \$35 to \$25

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75 Walnut Bedroom Suits, 7 pcs. Marble-top, red. from \$50 to \$40
60 Walnut Bedroom Suits, red. from \$40 to \$30
50 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$75 to \$60
40 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$100 to \$75
30 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$125 to \$100
20 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$150 to \$125

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75 Ash Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$30 to \$20
50 Ash Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$20 to \$10
40 Ash Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$10 to \$5
30 Ash Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$5 to \$0

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Do not fail to order a copy of the Newark Sunday Call of Aug. 9th for a grand description of the Bargains we shall offer. Such an array of attractive goods as we shall place on sale will repay even a long journey to our Stores next week.

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